

Francis Preston Blair to Andrew Jackson, July 14, 1842, from Correspondence of Andrew Jackson. Edited by John Spencer Bassett.

class=MsoNormal>FRANCIS P. BLAIR TO JACKSON.

Washington, July 14, 1842.

My Dear General: Your last kind letter was duly received, as you will have seen from an extract which I used in the Globe to reply to a second letter of Conrad. He seems to be pretty well done up, although I have not yet done with him. I have conferred with Mr. Kendall and Mr. Ingersol relative to the best mode of employing the record of papers you have forwarded. They concur with me, that the whole matter shall be exposed in the columns of the Globe. Mr. Kendall has agreed to expose the treason, cowardice, fraud and forgery you had to encounter in a Series of articles. They would have been begun already but for the fact that Moore and Conrad and White of Louisiana 1 have gotten Martin's History out of the Library and although applied to for it, by Mr. Ingersol, yet withhold it, under the pretext that they are copying extracts from it. If they do not give it up in a day or two I will attack them for their mean device to save themselves and the authority on which they rely from public exposure. Medill of Ohio, 2 has employed himself in examining the papers sent to Mr. Kendall and will use them in debate, if the Bill can be brought up in the House.

1 John Moore and Edward D. White were representatives from Ohio.

2 William Medill, M. C. 1839–1943, afterward governor.

You see from the Globe how this Congress is going on. Nothing more infamous in our annals has ever yet appeared than the Congress which the Hard Cider Spree has

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disgorged. It is getting from bad to worse every day. The business of legislation is really deputed to the committee of a caucus of Federalists, and like the black-leg Leader whose fortune they follow, the whole effort of these committee men is to devise some Knavish 0185 161 trick, to win the vile game in which they are engaged, which is to circumvent the people and put them in the power of Banks and other mercenary combinations, that make politics the means of a certain sort of genteel robbery.

Betsy and her brother James will start for the West by the way of the Lakes in a few days, and will make the Hermitage a sort of patriarchal resting place on their travels. How happy would their mother and my self be to accompany, but you have left me in too important a post to leave it for an hour under existing circumstances.

Yo. af. friend